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Pastor Dan

Brett Leslie

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Pastor Dan

Brett Leslie

Sitting all alone a decrepit dirty homeless man
collects coins and takes up city land.
His fingernails covered in black,
from the garbage that serves as a snack.
His bottom teeth missing.
His hair gray, balding and receding,
while his breath smells like tuna salad
from a whore who sang sweet ballads.
Is he a waste of talent or a run of bad luck?
Some even say he's a world-class schmuck.

The lack of alcohol for several hours begins to take
affect.
Sweating profusely his hands shake,
He rubs his head which starts to ache.
His life--- a continuous train wreck.

He watches people walking by:
dropping coins or turning a blind eye----
Blood as cold as ice. The leather face man
now stands on the street corner with a beer can,
and a wooden sign prophesying the return of Christ.